PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1890-SIXTEEN PAGES.

We were fated to visit the studio of Hiram

Powers in company with an English curate.

whether Mrs. Browning, then residing in

eater" could be, and stoutly denied the

Liberal tendencies of the Westminster Re-

and together we went to the famous work-

long kept waiting. With a cordial wel-

come, the sculptor at once made us at

home. He was in his working dress-shirt

sleeves, apron and rimless straw hat. A

square forehead, a gray beard, closely

trimmed, are the features best remembered.

Below the medium height, his whole bear-

the most influence in deciding him, but that there were excellent models in Flor-ence, and that he did not need to date his

works from Rome, as he had easily more than he could do. After other pleasant talk, not without allusion to the civil war

just breaking out at home, we were put in charge of an attendent to explore the

The shop was a shed of several apart-ments in which a half dozen men were busy

thus greatly augmenting the difficulties of the assistants' work.

Even Rome, however, is nothing with-

out something to eat. Even in this capi-

tal of the world and of the centuries a feed-

ing-place must be thought of. About the

precise locality we were in no condition to

meet again.

PEARSON'S

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Dear Sir-I am no musician myself, but my wife and MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:
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P. M. DILL,

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spect satisfactory, and they say they could not desire a better instrument.

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of them proved so entirely satisfactory in every respect as truly, the Hazelton. Yours truly, CHARLES SOEHNER. (I

of them proved so satisfactory as the one now in use.

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Hon. L. T. Michener, Ex-Attorney-General, Says:

Fred Fahnley, of Fahnley & McCrea, Says:

superior to others in tone, touch, finish and workmanship.

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homes of so many of our friends. We became so dissatisfied

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HENRY WETZELL.

MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:

MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:

Dear Sir-The beautiful Hazelton Bros. Upright Piano

with tobacco smoke and dingy with the vileness of many generations of old pipes. which I recently purchased from you is giving entire satisfaction. It is much admired by all who see and hear it, because of the full, rich tone and exquisite workmanship. My wife and daughter join me in thanking you for selecting for us so fine an instrument.

L. T. MICHENER. According to the manners of the place, cafe noir and rolls were ordered, and before and after they were brought to our greasy marble-top table we looked up and down into the faces of men of many nations; tried to disentangle the hum of polygiot talk; turned over the journals of many lands, drew in our decent garments and looked our fiercest looks, and maybe spoke some not quite tender words as the filthy, whining, persistent beggars for baiocchi and for sugar streamed in, allowed as they were in Rome to spoil one's breakfast even. Meanwhile we sipped our coffee, until suddenly the doorway was darkened, and looking up we saw briskly walking in a man whom we had surely seen before—a gentleman short plain with a Dear Sir—We made selection of our Hazelton Bros. Upright Piano from among the Steinway, Hazelton and Knabe Pianos. In the comparison the Hazelton showed itself so far gentleman, short, plain, with that we purchased the Hazelton, and eight years of use has fully convinced us that the Hazelton Pianos stand unrivaled. Yours, very respectfully, FRED FAHNLEY. clear, wholesome eye, a generous forehead and gray whiskers. It was Hiram Powers, whom we had not hoped to see again, whom we counted it good fort-une, indeed, so to see again. He sat down opposite us, was at once greeted cordially, and began to talk with a gentleman who had been reading an English newspaper and whom we had already observed with special interest. He was evidently no ordidary person. We wondered who he could be English newspaper. be. Full seventy years of age—fifteen years older than the American at his side—his face was dark, and sharp, and wrinkled; his eye was cold; his lips were thin and Dear Sir-We thought we were purchasing the "best piano" when we purchased an Upright Steinway & Sons, but we soon discovered our error after becoming acquainted with the Hazelton Pianos, which had found their way into the firmly set. But who was he—this stranger, to Powers so familiarly known? We could Dear Sir—My father and myself were engaged in the pi-ano trade for nearly thirty years, and during that time handled almost all of the leading brands of pianos, such as Steinway, Hazelton, Chickering, Knabe and others, but none not help hearing a conversation so near us, and what we had now begun to suspect we soon found was true. The stranger was John Gibson, the English sculptor, in his own country at the head of his profession. We began to think our breakfast at the Cafe Gree a royal one. If just then the beggars had found us we could not have denied

The remarkable wearing qualities of the celebrated HAZELTON PIANOS are such that after ten or fifteen years of use they show so little signs of wear, and retain their first full, rich quality of tone to such a wonderful extent that they are readily mistaken for new pianos. They are fully warranted for Ten Years, just twice as long as any other first-class piano. Beautiful new styles for 1891 just received; cases finished in ebony, mahogany, English oak, French burl, and Circassian walnut, with beautiful hand-carved and Gibson began at once to speak with en-thusiasm of his pupil, Harriet Hosmer, our thusiasm of his pupil, Harriet Hosmer, our young country woman. "Why," said he to Powers, "she works like a man the whole day loug." Afterwards the two discussed Italian politics briefly; found time to remark upon the weather, a topic for great and small alike; spoke of the recent capture of Fort Sumter, the Englishman deeming it "an unfortunate thing that those Southern provinces should go off," and then, promising to his friend a call, Gibson somewhat abruptly took his leave. PARKARD organs at greatly reduced prices. New pianos, \$225, \$250, \$275 and \$300, on \$8 monthly payments. New Organs, \$50, \$55, \$60 and \$75, on \$5 monthly payments. Large stock of second-hand Pianos IN GIBSON'S STUDIO.

Our low prices and easy terms are such that no family need be without an instrument. If you are in need of a piano or organ send for catalogue and terms; a postal card will do. This little breakfast episode, as may well be imagined, confirmed our purpose not to go away from Rome until we had visited the studio of John Gibson and Miss Hosmer, the studio of John Gibson and Miss Hosmer, his pupil. The former we found at his work, We were surprised with a kindness and courtesy which his face had by no means foretold. He was busy coloring his "Pandora." Gibson was the first of modern sculptors to introduce color into his work, his earliest venture of the kind having been in his statue of "Victoria." a few of the minor details of which were colored. Afterwards he grew bolder, and now some of his marbles were, as far as color could determine, complete imitations of life. For this he had been severely criticised, but had earnestly referred his critics

and the early plum blooms covered with a fall of snow which is not more white and delicate than the petals with which it thus mingles.

Ma Was Fallible.

Philadelphia Becord.

"Bobby, your mamma tells me you are a very bright boy, and she expects you to make a bright man," said Mr. Blossom, as he was waiting for Bobby's sister. "Man never does 'spect anything right," said Bobby. "She told passhe 'spected you and my sister would be married 'fore spring, and the cannonading told where that city was.

After drifting with the slow tide of the overflow until night, he paddled to the east, and soon reached the Yazoo river, near Haynes's binfl, and turning down was soon in full view of the camp-fires of the federals at what had been the fortifications of the confederates.

As he floated past the frowning heights a grand ball was in progress. Hundreds of my sister would be married 'fore spring, and the can-honading told where that city was.

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THREE FAMOUS SCULPTORS

Recollections of Florence and Rome Suggested by Miss Hosmer's Visit.

Hiram Powers in Working Dress—Unexpected Meeting in a Cafe—Gibson and His Pupil—Pleasant Gossip About Famous People.

Pleasant Gossip About Famous People.

The Greeks were his masters. The Greeks were his masters. The clothed his English statesmen in Greeting that English statesmen in Greeting the old mythology. In these respects he differed to choose he selected his subjects from the old mythology. In these respects he differed to choose he selected his subjects from the old mythology. In these respects he differed to choose he selected his subjects from the old mythology. In the english statesmen in Greeting that English statesmen in The Capture of Vicksburg Was Delayed by Reason of Its Accomplishment.

The Capture of Vicksburg Was Delayed by Reason of Its Accomplishment.

Perilous Journey of a Courier on Whom Department where Gibson was finstance in London, for his "Sur Robert Peel" in Westminster Abbey, and for his "Hus

In the apartment where (ribson was inshing his "Pandora" workmen were packing up for America a fresh copy of Miss Hosmer's favorite, "Puck," who, as he sat on his toad-stool, looked too eltish to obey even Oberon's commands. In another room was her "Zenobia," nearly completed. But the artist herself was out. It was no This bright university man wondered Florence, was a country woman of ours; inslight disappointment not to see our original country woman, in her jacket and high quired of us who the "English Opiumboots, puffing her cigarette, and aglow with the work done so vigorously and well that her English master, and he a man, could not view. But he had heard of Hiram Powers, conceal his enthusiasm or measure his Having been announced, we were not

conceal his enthusiasm or measure his praise. To console ourselves we walked to the Vatican at the close of the day, and from his Holiness. Pius IX, got a graceful benediction, whith which we went easily and fearlessly to sleep.

Often afterwards we took our coffee and rolls at Cafe Gree, in the Via Condotti, but no good fortune brought us face to face again with either of the two distinguished men of our story. In a few weeks we again with either of the two distinguished men of our story. In a few weeks we trusted ourselves once more to to the beggars of Civita, and then to the blue Mediterranean, and went prosperously to Genoa. We dreamed among the Italian lakes; I fear we sometimes snored in the coupe as through the long nights the diligence toiled with us toward the north; for a month by Lake Leman we waited, and then, with knapsack and staff, tramped up and down from Geneva and Chamouni to Lucerne; we went quickly through round face; a light eye, quick and keen; a ing was strikingly simple and cordial. His long residence abroad had not cooled his patriotism. He asked at once if we were Americans. In answer to a question why he chose Florence for his residence, rather than Rome, the usual resort of artists, he answered that the healthier climate had Erance, and not as quickly through across the channel, of which it is a crime to speak; and at last from Liverpool the stanch old Cunard "Canada" brought us to Boston—home. John Gibson, who shone upon us first in the dismal cafe Gree, full of age and honors, long since has gone to his reward. Hiram Powers, too, has gone the way of all the earth. But Gibson's pupil is still proving a woman's right to think the highest thoughts, to choose the hardest

RAILROADS IN CHINA.

tasks and to win the noblest honors.

The Emperor Now Wants Them Very Much, but Has Not the Cash to Build.

ments in which a half dozen men were busy doing the rough work of sculpture, guided by the artist's casts. On the upper shelves were busts almost numberless, models for works ordered, mainly from the United States. We particularly noticed one of Mrs. Crawford, the wife of his brother artist. There were, besides, the original model of the "Greek Slave" and the exquisite "Fisher Boy"—this last the third or fourth copy of the original. Elsewhere were the statues of Daniel Webster, ordered from Boston; of Washington as a Mason, for a Masonic lodge in Massachusetts; of "Penseroso," for Mr. William B. Astor, of New York, and of "America" trampling broken chains, her right hand resting on an upright bundle of faggots, symbolical of union, the left uplifted and pointing forward as if her high mission was in the future and her brow encircled by thirteen stars. In another apartment two Italians were pecking at the Franklin for the government at Washington. They were guided by the model, standing near, which was much smaller than the statue was to be, thus greatly augmenting the difficulties of the assistants' work "The introduction of railroads into the Chinese empire is now a question of dol lars, not of royal consent," said Frederick Weston, an Englishman, who breakfasted at the Palmer House, on his way home from a several years' business life in the flowery kingdom. "It has, I understand, been a pretty generally held idea that the reason railroad enterprise did not long ago penetrate the interior of darkest China was because of the prejudice and superstitute of cause of the prejudice and superstition of the people, who, it is believed, would have opposed by violence any attempt to build a road. But such is an erroneous impression. If the Emperor had given his consent rail-If the Emperor had given his consent railroads would have been years ago in operation. And whether the inhabitants liked
it or not the Emperor's will would have
been obeyed. That he did not consent was
his distike to having so many foreigners in
his dominions over whom he would
have no control, for foreigners,
you know, are not so amenable
to the Chinese law as is the case in other
countries. And as the railroads would for
a very long time have to be operated by the assistants' work.

At last we took our departure with the most delightful impressions of the man whose genius had been so fruitful there, and with not a little of that extravagant pride in our country and our countrymen which Americans are so sure to learn and so slow to lose. No single hour of the fortnight in Florence is recalled with such distinctness as is that one spent with our friend, the curate, in the studio of Hiram Powers. We should hereafter observe with new enthusiasm the great artist's career. But, though we might see his marbles, himself we should scarcely hope to meet again. countries. And as the railroads would for a very long time have to be operated by foreigners the Emperor concluded he would be satisfied with the mode of locomotion which, since the days when Confucius was spanked for being naughty, has been in use. His present change of front is due to his awakening to the fact that the emergencies of war require the means of rapid transportation which can be furnished in no other way than by railroads.

"Russia is growing on the north and

we soon left the city, traveling eastward to the sea, and after an enchanted evening in the square at Pies, to which the leaning tower, the baptistery and the beautiful cathedral allure all strangers, we took ship at Leghorn with manifold difficulties of passports and thievish boatmen; awoke at Civita Vecchia to see French soldiers in the barracks near the anchorage washing their scarlet trowsers and their frowsy heads; and then in the afternoon, having had so soon something too much of that beggarly seaport, bought a railway ticket to Rome, were safely transported to the Eternal City, and before night were comfortably lodged at Via Babuino, No. 22.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Even Rome, however, is nothing with-

EROTIC LITERATURE. Young Women Still Engaged in Writing Novels That Are "Off Color." be particular. Where should we get our breakfast? That was the short, simple, urgent question.

We bethought us of the Cafe Grec. Did not every traveler know the Cafe Grec, the meeting-place of artists in Rome? Many of these temporary residents found their letters there. Many who were not themselves artists liked a breakfast better which artists liked, and so got their coffee in artists? company. To the Via Condotti we betook ourselves, and soon were seated in a long, narrow place filled with tobacco smoke and dingy with the New York Correspondence Philadelphia Inquirer. publication. I do not know how to account for it except by saying that it is a symptom of the times, and that women get into an emotional condition in which they imagine that there is nothing that cannot be porthat there is nothing that cannot be por-trayed in plain language. I am going this evening to see this young woman and advise her as a friend to throw her work into the fire and save her reputation, and yet I do not for one moment imagine that my sug-gestion will be acted upon. I do not know whether I should whisper it or not, but Amelie Rives Chanler has written another novel, in which she speaks even more plain-ly than she has heretofore. So far as the Lippincotts are concerned its fate is deter-mined, but I fear that the pruning-knife will have to be used before it is published."

In this connection it may be interesting to state that both John Russell Young, of the Herald, and John Cockerell, of the World, have told me that they have had young women authors call upon them and beg to have public announcements made that they had just written certain books which were unfit to read. The volumes themselves were entirely harmless, but as the young women naively confessed, if that fact were known their works would not The Climate of Japan.

Really it rains far too frequently in this otherwise charming Japan, and one can

indeed scarcely expect any permanent dry weather except in autumn. Every wind seems to bring rain-clouds up from the encircling Pacific to break upon the evergreen peaks of Nippon; while in winter, so great is the influence of the neighboring Arctic circle, with its cold currents of air and water, that Christmas in Kiu-Shiu-which lies in the same latitude with the mouths of the Nile-sees the thermometer some-times below zero. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has certainly divine caprices; and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come, during the chilly and moist months, the light is very splendid, and of a peculiar silvery tone, and the summer days are golden. For this the tea-plant, the young bamboo-shoots and the other sub-tropical vegetation, wait patiently underneath the snows;

indeed, all the sun-loving plants of the land have lurked, like the inhabitants, to "wait till the clouds roll by."
Some of the most beautiful know how to defy the worst weather with a curious hardihood. You will see the camellias blossoming with the ice thick about their roots, and the early plum blooms covered with a fall of snow which is not more white and

Charles O. Stickney, in New York Press.

As Grant and Pemberton, the besieger and the besieged, confronted each other, week in and week out, at Vicksburg, in May, 1863, little did each commander on the last week in that month know how much was just then depending on one lone but daring pilgrim, a humble officer, unknown to fame save as the author of a popular war song. who was making his perilous journey thither from Jackson, Miss.

Pemberton was in a desperate plight, but Grapt knew it not, else that famous stronghold might have succumbed to the Union forces much sooner than that fateful day when Union stars displaced the Southern bars above its frowning, cannon-torn ramparts, and when in the East Lee's army was in full retreat from the red field of Gettysburg.

And this was Pemberton's strait: He was entirely out of gun-caps, and consequently was unable to fire a gun. Grant, not knowing his enemy's helplessness, prudently continued his gradual approaches, instead of attempting to carry Vicksburg by storm. But of the lone pilgrim each was in utter

ignorance. This pilgrim was Maj. Lamar Fontaine, of Mississippi, afterwards famous throughout the South for this brilliant exploit of which I am about to speak, and also as the author of the touching and popular war song, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night." From recent interesting correspondence

between Fontaine and Gen. Charles P. Mattocks, of Portland, a most gallant offi-cer of the Seventeenth Maine Infantry, who came near being exchanged for Fon-taine in 1864, I give the subjoined authentic and deeply interesting narrative of one of the most thrilling personal experiences in the late war:

the late war:

On the morning of May 24, 1863, Fontaine, still suffering from unhealed wounds, started from General Loring's headquarters at Jackson, Miss., on his perilous journey to Vicksburg. He was mounted on a suitable horse, on which was fastened, besides his two crutches, a pair of saddle-bags containing oiled water proof sacks filled with guncaps, and he also bore dispatches for Gen. Pemberton.

At his father's, fifteen miles out of Jack-

At his father's, fifteen miles out of Jackson, he ate a hearty meal; his haversack was packed and his pistols and sword put in excellent order, and, with a fervent Godspeed and adieu from his father and the other members of the family, he remounted his horse and rode swiftly away in the direction of Cox's Ferry, on the Big Black

Crossing that river soon after nightfall, he halted till morning at the house of a citizen, where he was hospitably entertained and further provided with a lot of lint and bandages. After a quiet rest and an early meal he again mounted and set Just before reaching the Bear Creek road that leads from Mechanicsburg in Yazoo county to Vicksburg, he heard heavy firing in the direction of Mechanicsburg. Riding slowly forward until he could hear voices, the rumble of wheels and the tramp of horses, he dismounted and concealed his horse.

He then creot close to the road, and discovered a force of blue-coats hurrying forward in the direction of the firing. He hid himself and watched their maneuvering

himself and watched their maneuvering for a long time.

He soon found that the sounds of the battle were growing nearer, and presently the blue-coats began to fall back, and the ambulances went hurrying by with the wounded, and in a few hours all was still. Fontaine's position lay between the two armies, and so he did not stir till night. Then he mounted his librse and rode cautiously forward till he reached the road.

He turned down the road in the direction of Vicksburg. All was still as death. He rode on in the gloomy silence for some time. Suddenly a sharp "Halt!" rang out on the night air, and almost instantly there was a blaze of light and a crash of musketry, and the balls whizzed past him.

He turned at right angles to the westward, and, digging his spurs into the flanks of his horse, dashed down the hill, through cave and brush, while shower after shower of bullets followed him, fired by the federal pickets. He lost his haversack of food, the strap being cut by a bail, and also one of his crutches, the top and shaft shot away, but he was not touched by a single bullet.

or bullets followed with, fired by the federal pickets. He lost his haversack of food, the strap being cut by a bail, and also one of his crutches, the top and shaft shot away, but he was not touched by a single bullet.

THE DANGERS MULTIPLY.

Continuing his course westward daylight found him on the top of a high hill overlooking the valley of the Yazoo river. Far to the south he saw a large mass of bluecoate, but more to the north, and only a dense forest beyond the field in front of the same forest beyond the field in front of the same pointed out a remedy.

London Standard.

The Governor-general of India has received a communication from Baron Von Muller, an eminent scientific authority of Melbourne, announcing that he has discovered the real cause and effective cure of snake poisoning.

Hitherto the mode in which the venom of serpents produced fatal effects has been a mystery. The elaborate series of experiments carried out by the Victorian savant have, he states, not only rendered it clear how the poison operated in producing death, but have pointed out a remedy

him, to the east. He rode slowly down the hill and made for the woods at the back of This he soon reached, and as he came to the back fence at the woods his horse sank down with scarcely a quiver. He got from the saddle and the next minute his brave steed was dead. The animal had been mortally wounded by one of the sentries'

Fontaine's feelings at this disheartening turn of affairs may be imagined. But he was not the kind of man to turn back from was not the kind of man to turn back from anything he had once undertaken. Here he was alone in the enemy's country with a heavy load of caps, a broken crutch and a stiff and wounded leg, scarcely able to raise himself out of the mud.

Fontaine laid the rack of caps across his shoulders and slowly crawled into the wood, and came to the bank of a stream a short way in He dangerted the caps on the

short way in. He deposited the caps on the bank, and with his sword cut a forked stick, and used it in place of his shot-away erutch. With the aid of one crutch and this stick he made his way down the stream this stick he made his way down the stream in search of the two "Choctaw" logs, or old rotten logs well honeycombed and full of air cells, which he could fasten together with his bridle reins and use as a raft.

Better than these, he found a small "dugout" moored to the bank. It was only nine or ten feet long, and quite narrow. Into this he got, paddled back up the stream to where he had left the caps, put them on board, and started down the current.

Dangers now fell upon him thick and fast.

Dangers now fell upon him thick and fast. He soon reached a broad river, which proved to be the Yazoo, and as he came into it he could see several large iron-clad gun-boats coming up it, and a small tug-boat in front. He at once made for the opposite shore, where the bush was dense, but the federals saw him and opened fire upon him. He paid no attention, but paddled with all his

Shot after shot followed him into the brush, and now they lowered a large row-boat and put after him, at the same time keeping up a musket and pistol fusillade. The balls came very near, but the smaliness of his craft gave him the advantage in the woods, and, though nearly overtaken on reaching open water again, their shots splashing the water on him, he succeeded

But where was hef To him the topography was new. Besides, the most of the country thereabout was under water from the overflow of the Mississippi. So he just let his little boat drift with the current. He knew he was west of the Yazoo river and east of the Mississippi, and that by taking a south course he would come into

taking a south course he would come into one of these streams, and by floating down it he would get to Vicksburg, and the cannonading told where that city was.

After drifting with the slow tide of the overflow until night, he paddled to the east, and soon reached the Yazoo river, near Haynes's bluff, and turning down was soon in full view of the camp-lires of the federals at what had been the fortifications of the confederates.

damsels lent a magic to the scene, and at the same time rendered his position very

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Boats were passing from the water bat-teries on the west side of the river laden with human freight going to join in the revels on the bluff on the east side, and he had to float between these places. He lay down, and as the river at this point was narrow and swift, he was soon through and

out of danger.

As he approached the mouth of Chickssaw bayou he came upon an immense fleet of federal stramboats, transports and large fiatboats, ail moored on both sides of the narrow stream through which he had to pass. Bright lights gleamed from either side, and the river was as light as day.

A LONG DAY AND A NARROW ESCAPE. Still worse, men were at work at a capstan, pulling a large boat from one side of the river to the other. Just then he came near being run down by a steamer. In reply to interrogatories he successfully mas-

queraded as a river fisherman, and again he escaped with his life.

Guided by the firing at Vickellurg, Fontaine paddled down stream, then made the mistake of turning into the wrong end of mistake of turning into the wrong end of Old river, which he supposed was the Mississippi, and daylight found him at its head. Then he found it expedient to run his boat beneath an old military raft that the confederates had formerly placed across the river below their batteries at Snyder's bluff, but which, cut loose by the federals, had dritted and lodged there on the bank and in the water, Just then a terrific cannonade opened at Vicksburg and many shells exploded close by him.

There he lay all day—the longest day in all his life—while federal soldiers came upon the raft. Suddenly, to his horror, while listening to their talk, he discovered, seemingly within a foot of his head, a large snake, whose eyes had a deadly gleam in them, and whose forked tongue seemed almost to touch his face. To stir meant death surely, as a spy; to keep still might mean death from the serpent.

He chose the latter alterrative, but lived ages in a few moments rie had been in

He chose the latter alter ative, but lived ages in a few moments. He had been in many close and dangerous places before, but he felt that this was the acme. He did not look at the reptile long, but nerved himself for the worst.

But the snake did not melest him, and as soon as it was dark with a shudder he pushed his beat out from under the logs.

He paddled steady and hard, and by mid

Pushed his beat out from under the logs. He paddled steady and hard, and by midnight was in the strong current of the grand old river—the Mississippi. Success looked probable, and his spirits revived.

He could see the tents and camp-fires of the federals on the Louisians shore, and a great fleet of boats lined both shores. Everywhere the evidences of life and activity, and he out there in the gloom alone in his frail dugout, with the dark waves of the Mississippi dashing the spray over its sides, and not a friend to whom he could turn among the vast hosts that lay on each shore in full view!

Early in the morning, after escaping several perils from mortar-boats, etc., the daring scout made a landing within the confederate lines at Vicksburg. Displaying his flag of truce—a paddle, with white handkerchief affixed—he was taken in charge by the soldiers nearest him, and on his announcing that he was a courier from General Johnston and had caps and dispatches for General Pemberton he was greeted with a shout, his boat was hauled high and dry and, lifted from the position he had occupied so long that he could not stand, was borne triumphantly, with his bag of caps, to the headquarters of the general commanding.

The news of a courier's arrival with dispatches and the all-important gun caps was the sensation of the hour. Fontaine was received as a hero and deliverer, and during the week of his stay in Vicksburg was the recipient of marked attentions. He met relatives and friends from whom he had long been separated, and his stay was pleasant in all respects.

Then on the night of June 5, with his saddle-bags filled with dispatches and numer-

Then on the night of June 5, with his ead-d'e-bags filled with dispatches and numer-ous missives to soldiers, kinsfolk and friends all along his prospective route to Jackson, he bid the commander and army adieu, and again started in his faithful dug-out.

A reward of \$10,000 was offered for him by the Union military authorities, and promulgated through the camp, and he well knew that he had a fearful gauntles

This the event proved, for his journey back was attended by adventures as romantic and perils as grave and startling as those which had beset him Vicksburgward. But he seemed to bear a charmed life, and, with hat, clothes and scabbard riddled with bullets and his fiesh abraded likewise by the shots of his frequent would-be captors, he at last rode triumphantly into the confederate camp at Jackson.

AN ANCIENT PROBLEM SOLVED. Baron Von Muller and the Cure of Snake

dense forest beyond the field in front of death, but have pointed out a remedy him, to the east. He rode slowly down the which, when applied in time, will save the

life of the patient.
According to Herr Von Muller the venom of serpents does not destroy the tissue of the body, but has merely a dynamic effect, suspending the action of the motor and vasomotor nerve centers. This discovery at once indicated that the proper kind of antidote would be something that would "stimulate and increase the functional activity of these nerve centers."

The remedy is supplied by strychnine, which is directly antagonistic in its action to snake poison. Herr Von Muller has applied attrachange and a supplied attrachange and a supp

plied strychnine upon a large number of persons bitten by tiger-snakes and other venomous serpents, and with invariable The way in which he employs it is to insert ten or twenty minims of the drug under the skin of the patient, and report the operation every fifteen minutes until slight muscular spasms are produced, these being an unfailing sign that the patient is out of danger. Large doses of strychnine may be injected into the blood of a person who has been bitten without producing any injury until it has completely neutralized the effect of the spake poison.

until it has completely neutralized the effect of the snake poison.

The importance of this discovery, if confirmed, can hardly be overrated. In India, where twenty thousand persons are killed by poisonous serpents every year, Baron Von Muller's communication has naturally been received with the deepest interest.

Opulent Puyaliups.

There are scores of Indians on the reservation worth from \$50,000 to \$250,000 each, There are acores of Indians on the reservation worth from \$50,000 to \$250,000 each, and when the reservation is thrown open by Congress, as it will be in a very few years, there will be in Pierce county a dozen or two of the richest Indians in the United States. Some of the wealthy Indians are: Mrs. Joseph Douette, a full-blooded Indian widow, \$250,000. Mrs. Douette owns 160 acres on Brown's Point. She was a full-blooded Indian girl. Her husband died about two years ago. She has several children, and now lives at the reservation buildings, leasing her land to some fishermen. Her land is probably the most valuable on the reservation. The Union Pacific railway will run through it. Chris Laughlet, a widowat, 120 acres, \$60,000. Laughlet holds 120 acres, back of Mrs. Douette's, which is worth at least \$500 an acre. He has one son, Joe Coates, 160 acres, \$80,000; Mrs. Joe Coates, 100 acres, \$48,000. The Coates family is worth \$128,000. Coates has 160 acres in his own name. His first wife died, and his married an Indian widow who had 100 acres, worth at least \$300 an acre. Theirs is tide-flat land. She has one child. Jonas Stannup, father of the well-known Indian, Pater Stannup, eighty acres. Stannup, father of the well-known Indian, Peter Stannup, eighty acres, \$60,000. Jonas Stannup's land is on the banks of the Puyallup river, is among the very best tide-flat soil, and is worth not less than \$750 an acre. The old man has lived so long that he has forgotten the number of seasons he has lived, but he does not forget the value of his land. There are at least a dozen more Indians who have from forty to 120 acres of the best tide-flat bottom, worth from \$700 to \$1,000 an acre. All of these Indians are pure-blooded Puyallups.

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